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VOL. 64.—No. 41.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

PRICE { 3d. Unstamped.  
4d. Post Free.

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## APROPOS OF SOME NEW ITALIAN SONGS.

CRITICS of native and foreign growth have taken so much interest in the welfare of Italian music, taught so many lessons, given so much advice, and traced so many paths for the bewildered Muse to walk in, that if they failed to kill her downright—thanks to her sound constitution—they have undoubtedly checked her natural development. To-day we recognize a German school, a French school, an English school, even a Russian and a Flemish school; but—leaving Verdi alone, whose works must be considered in connection with those of the past generation—where is an Italian school? Where is that grand school of old that used to carry everything before it, and of which, as of the English army, it was said that “it could go anywhere and do anything”?

Many reasons have been offered to account for this fact, and it is now admitted by a considerable majority that the great change in the political life of Italy since the events in 1859 has directed into other channels that intelligence which formerly was entirely devoted to the study of music. This settlement of the question, though at first sight it seems almost indisputable, rests in reality on a precarious foundation. Without inflicting upon the reader a survey of the ancient and modern history of Europe, we can safely state that revolutions of the kind through which Italy has passed have never been followed by a decadence of art; and if we take for example the Belgian revolution of 1830, we shall see that the artistic revival of that nation begins on the very morrow of its re-asserted independence. Moreover, the outbreak of 1859 had been prepared since 1821, and yet it was just during these thirty-eight years of labours, sacrifices, conspiracies, and wars, that the masterpieces of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi, and Pacini were written and performed. And lastly, we must not lose sight of the fact that if *post hoc ergo propter hoc* is to be the explanation of the decadence of Italian music, why in the same country, and therefore under the same circumstances, did painting, sculpture, poetry, and even architecture take, so to say, a new lease of life, at the very moment when their sister art was fast sinking under her mysterious disease? Neither is much weight attached to the sweeping assertion that genius has flown away from Italy. This is very well in an article, or in an after-dinner talk amongst friends somewhere between the second and third bottle, but twenty-seven millions of individuals cannot give symptoms of being affected by softening of the brain, and the startling occurrence be noticed by musical critics only, and escape the observation of the doctors. On the whole, it is more likely that the chief cause of the undeniable decadence of Italian music is the perplexity into which its composers and its audiences have been thrown by too many officious care-takers, or more properly “brain-keepers,” as they are called in America. The old-fashioned Italian style, with all its faults, had also one great advantage—that is, the composer knew both what the public wanted and what he was to do; all dresses were cut after the same pattern, and it was only the material that made the difference; now, while the inspired tailors are discussing how to dress the Muse to set out her beauty to perfection, the lady is compelled to keep her room for want of a befitting *toilette*.

English socialists have briefly divided mankind into two classes—the “haves” and the “have-nots.” We can, for once, take a hint from them, and make a broad division of Italian composers into the “knows” and the “know-nots”—that is to say, into those who have improved and cultivated their minds and those who have not. We recollect very well a distinguished professor, whose name is mentioned with reverence even beyond the Alps, and to whose memory pupils and admirers have erected a monument, who, snatching a book of history from the hands of one of his pupils, said in a solemn tone, “Remem-

ber, my boy, that if you wish to be a great artist you must never puzzle your mind with knowledge of any kind”; and the followers of this doctrine are far from being extinct. The “know-nots” are, of course, iron-plated against any attack of generous influences, but their lack of knowledge, if in one sense to them a tower of strength, prevents them in another from doing anything worth the attention of educated minds. The “knows”—the only class that, artistically speaking, may be taken into account—have set before themselves the most wonderful foreign models, and unhappily they love them “not wisely but too well”; so there they are, vainly struggling after a sublime ideal, but an ideal beyond their reach, because created by flesh and blood other than their flesh and their blood. Many years ago, Verdi—though he modestly professes to be neither a theorist nor a philosopher—wisely said, “Tornate all'antico” (go back to your old composers); but his words at that time were misunderstood and overlooked; they were taken as an abrupt and unreasonable rejection of all advance in music, and a warning against the theories of the German school in general and particularly of Richard Wagner; while the grand maestro, by advising his countrymen to study the works of such men as Palestrina, Marcello, Lotti, Duarte and Scarlatti, was—perhaps unawares—doing what Mendelssohn, Schumann, Wagner and Liszt did themselves, and advised their countrymen to do with respect to their classics.

In all fairness, however, we are bound to state that the responsibility for the rickety and tumble-down condition of the Italian Walhalla, does not rest solely and entirely with the composers, but that the intellectual state of the audiences, and the absolute lack of patronage from “the long purse,” which is to music what the sea-air is to the human constitution, come in for a large share of responsibility. We have known at least five men who at the end of this century might have counterbalanced, nay, outweighed perhaps the glory which Italians have won at the beginning thereof, viz.: Boito, Bazzini, Faccio, Dominici, and Ponchielli. Death has silenced for ever Ponchielli's voice, and as for the others, disappointment, neglect, adversities, age, have made of them mere “bread-winners.” Boito alone, stands still as a Sphinx amongst the deserted avenues of the desolate city.

Eighteen years have now elapsed since his *Mefistofele* appeared for the first time, a masterly work full of immense promise; but *Nerone*, that was to follow it, and *Orestide* that was to follow *Nerone*, and *Ero a Leandro*, written during the years that preceded the re-arrangement of *Mefistofele*, are to this day an absolute mystery to the world. As late as nine years ago mere chance threw into our hands the greatest part of the poem of *Nerone*, and each page, each line bore the unmistakable mark of genius. Cossa, the great Italian dramatist who became famous by his tragedy *Nerone*, when admitted to read Boito's poem, told us that his own work would be thrown utterly into shade by the comparison; we had also glimpses of the musical setting of it, and were dazzled—but as yet not even the possibility of its being performed has been ventilated.

This painful state of things has brought its poison even into that kind of composition, which being more than any other the immediate reflection of popular feeling, ought to be absolutely fenced in against any influence from abroad; we mean the song. Yet we find that Italian composers are now producing sham German *lieder*, and sham French *chansons*; we meet with *boleros* and *habaneras* without number, and with an alarmingly ever increasing production of more or less successful imitations of old, good, honest English ballads. Such composers as have not dressed out their inspiration in foreign garb, have on their side yielded to the influence of operatic forms; and while a score of years ago an Italian opera was spoken of as a “string of songs,” now-a-days, and with greater truth, an

Italian song might be called "a leaf taken out of a melo-drama."

However, in the very midst of this chaos of darkness and strange colours, there is distinguishable a glimmer of pure light, not yet powerful enough to light the way, but sufficient to show that at least in this branch of art, there is within reach a rallying point, and that an early change for the better may be expected. This metaphorical torch, candle or rushlight, according to the importance criticism will think proper to attach to it, is Signor Benedetto Junck, a gentleman who, though bearing a foreign-sounding name, is nevertheless an Italian by descent, birth, feeling and education. Signor Junck is very little known to his countrymen beyond the narrow limits of a few select musical circles in Turin, his native place and in Milan, his habitual residence; and though in Sir George Grove's Dictionary, in the article "Song," is to be found almost unbounded praise of his set of songs "Simona," yet, with the exception of the author of that article, the editor of the dictionary, and the editor of *The Musical World*, there is scarcely in this country a single musician or amateur to whom this name does not sound quite new and strange. Benedetto Junck, on account of his tendencies, his talents, and his independent social position, might be, in this instance, that famous personage so frequently spoken of—"the right man in the right place." He is young—having not long ago turned thirty—learned, inspired, indifferent to failure or success with the general public, because he writes only to please himself, and is invulnerable even to the keenest tooth of that true "*diabolus in musica*," the financial success.

Ten songs of Benedetto Junck—printed in Milan, and of whose appearance we had not the slightest knowledge, though very likely they had already lain undisturbed occupants of the shelves of Madame Lucca's publishing office for some time—form the agreeable musical spoil of a short visit paid to Italy during the summer holidays. We do not intend to say that these ten songs are so many new-discovered art treasures, we mean only to call the attention of musicians and lovers of music to some genuine inspirations, full of simple feeling, nobly, freely, and truly expressed. Two of them, "Dolce sera" and "Flebil traversa l'anima mia," are, in our opinion, worth any amount of praise, and either for fitness of the musical setting, or for inspiration, simplicity, elegance, and sobriety of treatment, they deserve to be ranked amongst the best class of chamber-music, and might be alternately heard with those of Schubert, Schumann, Gounod, or Rubinstein, without doing or receiving any injury. Two melodies, "Tu sei bella, o mia dolcezza," and "La mattina le mambole t'invio," as well as two romanzas, "Maggio è tornato" and "Quelle dita, potess' io," if they do not attempt to reach the high artistic aim of the two songs first mentioned, are yet four characteristic pieces of superior Italian music, steering as clear of vulgarity as of servile imitation of scholastic outlandish devices, and leaving far behind them all the *cantilenas* that have still currency as genuine Italian *melodie*, while in honest truth they have no more claim to being considered representative of Italian songs than the "Saracen's Head," daubed on the dangling signboard of a country inn, has to be taken as the real likeness of the Sultan.

Next to producing good works, to show where they are to be found is the most useful work that can be done towards the advancement of music. Whether such musicians as haply may be induced by these few lines to cast a glance at Benedetto Junck's not voluminous works will agree with us in our appreciation of his talent, we cannot say; but at all events we have our justification in the words of Archidamus: "I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance."

G. MAZZUCATO.

## THE HISTORY OF A MUSICAL PHRASE ATTEMPTED.

A Sketch by Sir GEORGE GROVE.

(Continued from page 628.)

Next comes a passage from another Hymn—"Christe qui lux es":—

No. 16. no - ctis te - ne - bras de - te - gis de .

No - ctis te - ne - bras de - te - gis de

no - ctis

te - gis

te - gis

no - ctis te &c.

te - ne - bras de - te - gis

Then follows a passage from the second stanza of "Vexilla Regis," in which the answers are remarkably close:—

No. 17. Im - ple - ta sunt

Im - ple

Im - ple . . . ta sunt &c.

Im - ple . . . ta sunt que con . . .

—and then an extract from the Motet "Fuit homo missus":—

No. 18. et par - a - ret do - mi - no - ple - bem per - fe - ctam

et par - a - ret

de lu - mi - ne et par - a . . .

These all give the phrase in Palestrina's simplest treatment. Of more complicated counterpoint we quote the following, from the Motet, "Quam pulchri sunt gressus tui," in which our phrase is mixed up with another substantive subject:—

No. 19. et quam de - co - ra

et quam de

Quam pul

Quam

ra ca - ris - si - ma

et quam de - co - ra &c.

cra - es

pul - - cra es, et quam de - co - ra



Another from the Motet, "Isti sunt viri sancti":—

No. 20.

non fi-cta quos el-e-git do-mi-nus in cha-ri-ta-te non fi-cta

—another from the Motet, "Quæ est ista quæ processit":—

No. 21.

lau-da-ve-runt e-am gi-næ-lau-da-ve-runt e-am lau-da-et re-gi-næ-lau-da-ve-runt e-am

—and a grand specimen, again chosen from the Hymn "Vexilla Regis," this time for five voices:—

No. 22.

Te sum-ma De-us Trin-i-tas Te sum-ma De-us Trin-i-tas

This is a harmonization in free counterpoint—except that the first Alto is in canon with the Treble—of the melody of the phrase; and as such may be compared with Josquin's setting, No. 8, with Palestrina's simpler harmonies, No. 10, and with an example by Orlando di Lasso, quoted further on. Another noble instance of Palestrina's treatment is the "Et unam sanctam catholicam et apostolicam ecclesiam. Confiteor unum baptismum," in the Mass "Dum complerentur," for six voices. The "Dona nobis" in the Mass, "Assumpta est Maria," also for six voices, is interesting, but not such close counterpoint as the other. Both are found in Proske, and the "Assumpta" Mass has been lately edited by Mr. Rockstro.

It would be easy to multiply the examples selected above from the vast collection of Palestrina's works, but the quotations given are probably sufficient to shew his usual modes of treating the phrase. When we turn from him to the other Italian and Spanish masters of his time, we find a great difference in regard to our phrase. Instead of its constant occurrence, of its spontaneous and almost eager appearance at every opportunity, it but seldom occurs, and

with little of the variety of treatment which Palestrina gives it. Vittoria and Ortiz are more like him in their matter than the rest, but even they are far behind their great contemporary in their devotion to this singular group of notes.

The following examples will perhaps justify this judgment:

A. Gabrieli (1510—1586), in a Motet, "Angeli, Archangeli," has the following passage:—

No. 23.

In-ter-ce-di-te pro no-bis In-ter-ce-di-te pro no-bis san-cti

Here the first member of the phrase is lengthened, a change of which we shall find a striking instance in Bach, and very much more striking instances in Vittoria and an English composer.

F. Anerio (1560) thus opens his Motet, "Sicut cedrus":—

No. 24.

Si-cut ce-drus ex-al-ta-ta-sum in Li-ba-ni Si-cut ce-drus ex-al-ta-ta-sum

—and a passage from a Te Deum of his runs as follows:—

No. 25.

Sal-vum fac pop-u-lum tu-um Do-mi-ne Sal-vum fac pop-u-lum tu-um Do-mi-ne

Of Vittoria (1546—1621), we give two passages from the Credo of his Mass, "O quam gloriosum est regnum":—

No. 26.

vi-si-bi-li-um om-ni-um et in-vi-si-bi-li-um om-ni-um

## No. 27.

et re - sur -  
pas - sus et se - pul - tus est,  
pas - sus et se - pul - tus est.  
rex - it ter - ti - a di - e,  
ter - ti - a  
se - cun - dum

—neither of them is of any great importance, though the former of the two shews an interesting extension of the opening note, which we already noticed in Gabrieli. We give also one from the Agnus of the same Mass:—

## No. 28.

Ag - nus De -  
Ag - nus  
Ag - nus De -

—which may be compared with those of Josquin (No. 8) and Palestrina (No. 10).

(To be continued.)

## FÉLICIEN DAVID AND ST. SIMONISM.

(Continued from page 631.)

Having achieved the composition of *Le Désert*, a labour of love to the creative mind, Félicien David was obliged to turn to the mean and tiresome practical duties necessary to the accomplishment of his work; after handling roses you must suffer from thorns. He now threw his energies into the dry and arduous task of copying all the voice and band parts for a considerable number of executants.

He then entered upon an active campaign. Through the intervention of M. Michel Chevalier, he obtained leave from M. de Montalivet, an official of the royal household, to use the hall of the Conservatoire for his proposed concert of the 1st of December, 1844. He put about 800 francs' worth of tickets into the hands of friends for disposal; he secured two singers, M. Alexis Dupont and M. Béfort, the latter of whom had a sharp and peculiar ring in the voice, which was to increase the illusion of the Eastern colouring of the work. And finally, he hunted up instrumentalists and chorus singers from every quarter.

In this part of his work he was kindly assisted by M. Armingaud, who produced, from among his friends, several violinists willing to play for nothing; and by M. Meifred, who during the whole course of his life never refused his help to any artist worthy of the name. However, in spite of all these efforts, the expenses of the concert amounted to 2,000 francs. This sum can astonish no one who will consider that the complete band and chorus had to attend three rehearsals besides the public performance. He had resolved on selling his piano, in case of failure; and, in fact, on leaving no stone unturned for the payment of his musicians.

When all was in readiness, and after the advertisements were out, the concert had to be put off to the 8th December, because it was discovered that the Conservatoire Hall had been promised, doubtless by mistake, to another composer for the 1st of the month. This bitter drop had also to be swallowed, and steps taken to explain the delay to all the artists concerned.

The author of this memoir will never forget his meeting with Félicien David on the Boulevard des Italiens some days before the concert. The anxious musician had been walking on and on, as if he had been wound up. After some small talk, he said, "Now take a box for my concert." "A box!" was the reply, "that is more than my purse could stand. I must, alas! content myself with taking a stall."

"But it has nothing to do with your purse," answered Félicien David. "When I offer you a box, do you suppose I am trying to sell it you?" "I scarcely like to accept it."

"Do not be scrupulous, bring a number of amateurs with you. I wish to have the hall filled, and above all, to be heard by intelligent people."

And he dived into one of his pockets, from which he endeavoured in vain to drag an enormous packet.

"Good Heavens, what can you have in that pocket?"

"My box-office!" returned the composer, with a sad and gentle smile.

There was a hitch with the double-basses and kettledrums. These instruments were part of the royal furnishings, and for some reason which we could never fathom, they were refused to Félicien David. My friend, M. Edmond Viel, and I with him, made an application to a superior official of the establishment, who on hearing the request, did not hesitate to grant the use of the said double-basses and kettledrums.

The rehearsals had been carried through with great zeal, and all seemed going smoothly. But Fate had decreed that troubles should crop up until the last moment. On the eve of the concert, M. Chotel, whose part it was to read the explanatory poems, sent to say that circumstances over which he had no control prevented him from fulfilling his engagement. Félicien David, in the deepest distress, went in search of a substitute. He visited every theatre in Paris, from the Variétés to the smallest playhouse of the Boulevard du Temple, applying to artists and managers, who all bowed him out with more or less politeness. He returned home prostrate and despairing, at half-past one in the morning. He slept little and badly, if at all. Next day he sought out the flutist, M. Leplus, who took him to Madame Mathilde Payre, then connected with the Odéon. With the generosity and kindness for which she was celebrated, this lady wrote an urgent letter to her colleague, M. Thibeaudeau-Milon. This letter was so worded that a refusal was impossible. But Félicien David had not the strength left to convey it to its destination, at the further end of the Faubourg St. Germain; M. Collin undertook this duty, and M. Thibeaudeau-Milon, who acceded most graciously to the proposal, was, as it were, carried off in a cab and transported in a twinkling to the Conservatoire.

That Sunday, the 8th of December, 1844, will remain graven on the memory of all who had the pleasure of attending Félicien David's concert—of witnessing the birth, growth, and final development of so well-deserved a triumph.

The first part of the programme consisted of detached pieces: two choruses, "Le Chant du Soir" and "Le Sommeil de Paris"; two songs, "Le Chibouck" and "Les Hirondelles"; and the Scherzo of the E flat minor Symphony. Everything went well, but nothing noteworthy passed.

From the first bars of the description of the immensity of silence, which opens *Le Désert*, connoisseurs were fain to discover that they had before them a genuine master—a genuine work. The signs of absorbed attention could have been remarked in the hall. A great outburst of applause greeted the delicious passage for the oboe in the "March of the Caravan." With "La Danse des Almées" the enthusiasm began, and it broke all bounds after "Le Lever du Soleil."

Félicien David had taken a humble place near the leader of the band, M. Tilmant; he had not come to show himself off; but his presence there was indispensable. If need were he could communicate with the violinist, and give the cue to the reader, who had gone through no rehearsal, at the moment he should begin each verse.



Nevertheless, in proportion as success grew defined, his glance became more animated, and his attitude more assured; he seemed to grow physically while he was growing in moral importance. No longer able to contain his emotion, and not knowing how to unburden himself, he began singing the part of the second tenors in the chorus. Recalled by the public at the end of the concert, he was applauded for five minutes, with cheers and stamping, and acclamations of such unmistakeable enthusiasm as were sufficient to counterbalance in one moment all the labour and suffering of a long life of anxiety and privation.

His friends and acquaintances, musicians, critics—all hastened afterwards to the platform to congratulate him, to press his hand. He could no longer speak, and only responded by signs.

The excitement of the audience was so keenly aroused that, for an hour or longer after the concert, the wide vestibule was filled with people who had lingered to talk it over, to exchange their impressions, their comments, their reflections, and to recall the principal themes of *Le Désert*, and they were unanimous in saying "We have a great composer amongst us."

When Félicien David returned home that night he was overtaken by an attack of hysterical laughter which lasted more than half-an-hour. He had risen that morning unknown; he went to rest celebrated and glorious. What a day's history for the artist! What a day's history for art!

[CONCLUDED.]

## Occasional Notes.

The rights of publishers are very strictly guarded in Italy, and Messrs. Ricordi, of Milan, have just gained an important case under the copyright laws of that country. It appears that a comic singer, of the name of Tani, dared to reproduce in burlesque form fragments from Verdi's *Aida*, and that without the sanction of the proprietors of the work, Messrs. Ricordi. The firm, resenting the indignity offered to the masterpiece in question and anxious to assert their lawful authority, brought an action against Tani, coming victoriously out of the contest, which had been referred in its last stage to the Naples Court of Cassation. Tani was heavily fined, and had also to bear the costs of the action.

It has often been said the severest injury ever done to Wagner has been inflicted upon him by the fanatical Wagnerites. One of these gentlemen, Herr von Wolzogen, directs (involuntarily, of course) a stab at the dead master's reputation, by discovering, in an article contributed to the latest issue of the *Wagner Jahrbuch*, an elective affinity between the realism of Zola and that of Wagner, both of which he derives from the common source of modern pessimism. Nothing can be more pernicious than such twaddle. Wagner, like every great artist, aims at truth to nature, but that nature he contemplates in its deepest and most ideal emanations. Zola is altogether blind to these sources; he remains entirely on the surface, and paints what he observes there in the most glaring and, at the same time, the filthiest colours. If his realism is the true purpose of art, or has anything to do with art, then a photograph is a much greater masterpiece than the finest Raphael, and an ordinary police report leaves the best novels of Balzac or Tourgenieff far behind.

For the remarkable revival of *Hamlet*, Ambrose Thomas, himself the author of an operatic *Hamlet*, has written some incidental music, consisting of a ballad for Ophelia and a solo for the Gravedigger. Without having seen or heard these songs, we are of course unable to judge of their abstract merit, but that they are out of place in their surroundings, we are prepared to assert from inner consciousness. Neither Ophelia nor the Gravedigger ought to sing any definite ballad, much less one accompanied by the orchestra. Snatches of song,

half-hummed, half-spoken is all they require, and all that the singing voices of most actors can support.

That a man may have a French name without being a Frenchman, is one of the problems which Frenchmen are unable to grasp. Mr. Cellier, for example, they will have it, is one of their compatriots, and the success of his *Dorothy*, at the Gaiety Theatre, adds, according to the Paris journals, another leaf to the musical laurels of *la grande nation*.

In the recent budget debate of the French Chamber, M. Laguerre, a member of the Extreme Left, proposed the abolition of the theatrical censorship, or *commission d'examen*, as it is euphemistically called. Another deputy, M. Turquet, while voting for the temporary expenses of the said *commission*, sketched a new bill, which he proposes to read before the House at an early date. According to this bill, the preventive censorship is to be abolished altogether, but managers are to be held responsible for any infringement of propriety or morality which they permit at their theatres. Like other objects of Radical benevolence, the dramatic authors are loudest in clamouring against the boon which it is intended to confer on them. They refuse to be liberated from a supervision which they think, and have every reason to think, most indulgent to their escapades. Much better, they argue, to submit to the control of a *censor morum*, who is a gentleman and a man of culture, than to be left at the mercy of timid managers, who would discover in every free expression or philosophic speculation a future action for damages.

Scarcely have we recovered from the shock of learning that sacred music is not respectable on Sunday, on board the *Great Eastern*, when we meet with another no less humiliating rebuff from even a more exalted quarter. The Curator of a museum in Nottingham has been reported as saying, in response to a request for the resumption of the "Winter Concerts," that "music was not one of the fine arts, and that the Nottingham Castle Museum, being a fine art museum, was not a proper place for its exposition."

How came so scrupulous a Curator to allow music to be "exposed" during the last winter season? Had he previously held the notion, shared by a few other people, that music was one of the fine arts, and was he led to change his opinion after listening to the "vocal and instrumental music" which delighted the crowds thronging the galleries on the occasion of a winter concert? If so, two explanations are possible. These performances may have consisted of exact and careful renderings of fugues and variations by the learned ancients, so that the watchful guardian would feel obliged to classify them under the head of "Science"; or, we fear, more probably, they may have been made up for the most part of that modern, but no less cut and dried music, known as "royalty songs," such as are turned out by the score every week. And in that case Mr. Curator might be excused if he impaled the fiction on the fork of fact and wrote down music—manufacture.

An extreme contrast to the opinion of the Nottingham sage is afforded by the remarks of an Israelitish writer, named Weil, quoted by the *Progrès Artistique*. M. Weil takes occasion to say, in the course of some souvenirs of Meyerbeer, "As for painters, none was ever a man of genius or...a man of any character. Theirs is the lowest of the arts!" An apology is almost necessary for reproducing the infatuated twaddle of a not over-refined author; the startling effectiveness of its juxtaposition with the more dignified expression of a contrary, but equally one-sided opinion on the part of a Curator, must be our excuse.

MR. N. VERT begs to announce his removal to 6, CORK STREET, BOND STREET, W.

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Wednesday Evening, Nov. 17.  
Thursday Evening, Nov. 25.  
Wednesday Evening, Dec. 1.  
Tuesday Evening, Dec. 7.  
Wednesday Evening, Dec. 15.  
Wednesday Afternoon, Dec. 22.  
Wednesday Afternoon, Jan. 12.  
Thursday Evening, Jan. 20.

Friday Evening, Jan. 28.  
Thursday Evening, Feb. 3.  
Wednesday Evening, Feb. 9.  
Tuesday Evening, Feb. 15.  
Thursday Evening, Feb. 24.  
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Wednesday Afternoon, March 9.  
Wednesday Evening, March 16.

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At each of the Concerts one or more soloists, vocal or instrumental, will appear. As a rule, the first part of each concert will consist of an overture, a solo, and a symphony, while the second part will include music of a lighter style. The concerts will be of one hour and three-quarters' duration; the (thirteen) evening concerts commencing at half-past 8: the three (afternoon) concerts at 3 o'clock. Subscription tickets for the series of 16 (reserved seats), £5 15s. and £2 5s. Single tickets (reserved seats), 7s 6d. and 3s.; unreserved seats, one shilling. Applications for subscription tickets received by Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; the usual Agents; and at the office of the Manager, Mr. N. Vert, 52, New Bond Street, W.

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Commence on October 16. Prospectus of Series on application to Manager, Crystal Palace, S.E.

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### THIS WEEK'S CONCERTS:

SATURDAY, October 9, at the TOWN HALL, POPLAR, E., at 8 p.m.—Beethoven's Quartet in C minor, and Mozart's Quartet in A major.

#### ARTISTS.

Herr EMIL MAHR.  
Herr LOUIS LIEBER.  
Herr HEYDRICH.  
Herr HANS ADOLF BROUSIL.

VOCALISTS—Miss KATE JOHNSTONE and Mr. FRANK CONNERY.

ACCOMPANIST—Mr. CHARLES IMHOF.

SUNDAY, October 10, at THE INSTITUTE, SOUTH PLACE, FINSBURY, E.C., at 7 p.m.—Schubert's Trio in B flat, and Mozart's Trio in G.

#### ARTISTS.

Mr. ALFRED BURNETT.  
Mr. PROSPER BURNETT.  
Miss E. J. TROUP.

VOCALIST—Madame ISABEL FASSETT.

ACCOMPANIST—Mr. CHARLES IMHOF.

Collection to pay expenses.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—The Subscription to THE MUSICAL WORLD is now reduced to 17s. 6d. per annum (payable in advance).

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

### PROSPECTS OF THE SEASON.

FROM the prospective announcements of our various *impresari* and concert societies which have already appeared in *The Musical World*, and from those which are published in our to-day's issue, our readers will be able to form a tolerably complete opinion of the musical enjoyments in store for them during the forthcoming season. That opinion, it must be feared, will not be a very favourable one; as far, at least, as the production of novelties is concerned. Our well-established concert institutions, it is true—the Crystal Palace, the Richter, and the Monday Popular Concerts—will again be in their accustomed places, and are not likely to be found wanting with regard to either quantity or quality of their programmes; and to these must be added an important newcomer, in the shape of the London Symphony Concerts, conducted by Mr. George Henschel, well known to us as a composer and a vocalist, and well qualified by his American experiences and successes as a leader of choral and orchestral masses. These Symphony Concerts at last promise to supply the long-felt want of high-class orchestral performances during the London winter season. With these and other treats in store for him, the intelligent amateur may face the impending terrors of fog and rain and sleet with considerable equanimity, and with the happy consciousness that whatever foreigners may say of our climate, they cannot at least fail to concede some taste for music to the inhabitants of the *Ule brumeuse*.

The announcements of our leading choral societies serve to illustrate a curious development of our musical life, which has of late become noticeable. The initiative in the matter of novelties is rapidly passing from the capital to the three great provincial cities which have established triennial festivals. This time it is the turn of Leeds to supply us with our mental pabulum. If our readers will look at the announcement of the Novello Oratorio Concerts published in another column, they will find that almost without exception the new works there enumerated are



taken from the Leeds Festival programme. That such should be the case in this particular instance is perfectly natural. These concerts have been originated by the great firm, which by its enterprise and vast resource has practically acquired the monopoly of the provincial market. Without the aid of Messrs. Novello, Birmingham would never have secured *The Redemption*, one of the few modern oratorios which are likely to survive the present generation, and England would know little of the author of *Ludmila*. Nothing is more justifiable than that the same firm should be anxious to place before the London public the new works published at its risk and expense, and there is every reason to think that *The Golden Legend*, *The Story of Sayid*, *The Revenge*, and *The Sleeping Beauty* of Birmingham fame, will meet with full justice, conducted by their own composers, and interpreted by such artists as Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Santley, and an efficient chorus and orchestra. Here then the motive of following in the wake of Leeds is fully explained by commercial as well as by artistic reasons. It is more difficult, however, to seek for an explanation of the same slavish surrender in the case of other societies. Why, for example, does Mr. Barnby limit his enterprise to the same enchanted circle? Why has he been unable to increase the list of his novelties by a single step beyond *The Golden Legend* and *Ludmila*? Why do not the directors of this enterprise rely sufficiently upon their own judgment to bring forward a composer or an oratorio of their own choosing? Why does the Crystal Palace make a special feature of the same two compositions? These and other questions the future historian of our epoch will find it difficult to answer. One reason no doubt is that we have not in London a public in the sense that Manchester and Birmingham, and even Paris and Berlin have a public. The conglomeration of cities which go by the collective name of London is too large, too unwieldy, to support a common effort. Conductors and artists have no real contact with an audience which changes at every concert, and is likely to be in a different mood every evening. No *impresario* can, for the same reason, rely upon the support of even a nucleus of sympathetic *habitués*; hence the utter want of independence and initiative which makes it desirable to cling to even that shadow of prestige which the reputation of a great provincial festival can supply. The friends of decentralization will, no doubt, look with unmitigated satisfaction upon this anomalous state of things; they will point as an illustration of their theory to the high degree of musical culture in Germany, with its numerous Court theatres and musical centres, as compared with that of France, where Paris is everything. They are likely to overlook, at the same time, that the small German cities have a distinct and highly-developed musical life of their own, while our provincial cities, apart from their festivals, are almost without such a life, being unable even to support a local orchestra. In such circumstances it may well be asked what claim the promoters of a provincial festival, full of the best intentions, as no doubt they are, can bring forward to determining the musical taste and enjoyment of the metropolis.

## "Musical World" Stories.

### JOHANN GOTTLIEB NAUMANN BEFORE THE INQUISITION IN VENICE.

From the German of B. WIDMANN.

(Continued from page 635.)

During this conversation, or rather *whispering*, Naumann reached the house of his patron, to whom he was at once admitted, and he repeated his story. He also, although he did not turn so pale or exclaim so anxiously as Naumann's hostess and the Venetian, was amazed enough, gave his answer in a twinkling, and equally advised the quickest departure, in case Naumann had ever allowed himself to make the slightest observation on the Senate and State government, or the slightest jest upon any Church ceremony whatever.

Naumann replied that the consciousness of his perfect innocence on all these points gave him the courage to stay. He was certain of this, that he had never spoken a word that deserved a legal reprimand, let alone punishment. Blame of a government under which one lives would be worthy of punishment unless one were able to temper its oppression by well-founded remonstrance or powerful influence. A jest upon religious customs he would still less permit himself, as men ought to keep their opinions to themselves on such matters.

"But are you quite sure," replied the other, "that you have no evil-disposed enemy who might have tried, by falsifying or misrepresenting some innocent speech, to make you suffer?"

"Even that," replied Naumann, "I can hardly believe. I live so unpretentiously here; I have never to my knowledge vexed even the least or poorest man in the country; I stand absolutely in no man's way. Then who can hate or envy me so bitterly?"

"Well, then, stand up boldly before the State Council in the consciousness of your innocence. That you have been guilty of no crime I would go bail for, without even your assurance. But a slight imprudence will sometimes offend a patriot; and such an one often hides a bitter enmity. Try to recall any little thing that might excite your apprehension, and my purse and my help are both at your service. Before daybreak you shall be out of Venice and in safety!"

Naumann thanked him gratefully for so courageous an offer, but was firm that he could not accept it, and would not by a secret flight give himself the appearance of a criminal in a State where he had been studying an innocent profession. Returning home, he spent the whole remainder of the day in his room, working hard at his composition. A few more of his friends, in one way or another hearing of his summons, called on him, and with one voice advised his departure; but he was firm to his first resolution.

At the appointed time, or rather a quarter of an hour earlier, the next day, Naumann stood before the awe-inspiring palace. Up till then his anxious hostess had been with him and assured him that she would not weary in her prayers for him during his trial. His own ruling sentiment about it was simply—curiosity. "Nothing can go against me," he thought, "for I have in nothing transgressed."

With confidence he followed the messenger of the day before, who appeared to be waiting for him. Through long, desolate re-echoing corridors, he led Naumann on with a slow step, never speaking a word nor once turning round. Presently they stood before a great iron door, painted black. It was opened, and Naumann, at a sign from his guide, entered. Immediately the door was closed behind him with a hollow rattle, and he found himself alone in a large vaulted chamber, into which daylight sparingly entered through barred windows. A wooden block standing before a black-covered table; on the table a crucifix, a death's head, and a lamp, burning low; this was all the furniture of the dreadful apartment. The lapse of time had coloured the four walls of a uniform grey. Two great black iron doors in a manner broke the frightful monotony. By one of these, as we know, Naumann had entered. The hard seat was significantly placed to front the other entrance.

Naumann sat down in expectation, and quite calmly took the skull in his hand, and gave way to meditation. Numberless thoughts of life, death, religion, fate, and human determinations presented themselves and employed his mind. Thus the first quarter of an hour

passed quickly and unconcernedly; but when the second was nearly gone and still nothing had changed around him, there suddenly came back to his remembrance the question his patron had put the previous day whether he had no hidden malicious enemy to guard against. He thought over all his circumstances, his acquaintances, his conversations, over every single visit he had made or received—but he could not find one point on which he could reproach himself. Then a certain fear seized him that gathered strength continually. The foreigner and musician distinguished with applause, might he not have roused envy and jealousy against him? Envy might become the source of calumny, and this again occasion much oppression. He speculated further and imagined to himself how many victims had already feared and trembled in this vault—perhaps even bled there! All the warnings of his friends, all their offers to save him, rang louder in his ears now than they did the day before. He was still convinced that he had acted morally right in the matter of the proposed flight, had he been also wise? Upon that point his opinion weakened every minute; and he was near accusing himself of temerity.

After the lapse of an hour that seemed to him as long as three summer days, he heard footsteps approaching in the distance. They came near, and at last in the lock of the second door there was a clatter of keys and bolts. Hollow as this noise might sound it seemed on the other hand quite pleasant to him; for he hoped now for deliverance. With wearisome creaking, the door opened. He looked through and saw in the opening several men in black mantles standing at a little distance. But only one of them came, with solemn formal steps, into the room. Naumann rose and would have met him, but he motioned with his hand and said:

"Leave not the spot where you stand! But in this awful place, and before the face of the Allknowing God, Whose eye penetrates through prison walls, give me faithful answers to my questions—

"Do you believe in God and immortality?"

"Yes."

"What think you at the sight of this death's head?"

"Much—of sundry things. And especially I think, that its owner, before its death, moved here like us in human figure; that upon us both is impending what he has already experienced; that we also must there give up our account before the eternal, righteous, but also all-loving Judge who bestowed our existence here upon us."

"Good! but will you in these sentiments also truly and faithfully answer all the questions that will be put before you in another place?"

"Most certainly."

"It is well. I go to give this assurance to your judges. In the meantime think over with the most earnest examination your whole life since you have been in Venice."

(To be continued.)

## MUSIC IN LANCASHIRE. (II.)

LANCASHIRE possesses a poet and singer of her own, who has faithfully reflected the character of the people in tale and song, using for the most part their own rough homely dialect. Mr. Edwin Waugh is a writer who deserves a wider public than the limited circle of those familiar with the Lancashire dialect readily affords. He has produced real folk songs, with the true lilt of ballad music about them, that subtle quality, so easy to recognize, so hard to attain. They are intensely popular in the country of their birth, popular as only those songs which touch closely the life of the people themselves can be. Their full flavour may not be perceptible to readers unfamiliar with the dialect, but with the explanation of a word or two, and a trifling modification of spelling, they may be made sufficiently comprehensible. No spelling indeed, can rightly indicate some of the Lancashire vowels, and they are unpronounceable by those who have not learnt them in childhood.

It will be well, however, to take first some verses not written in the Lancashire dialect.

A poem of seven short stanzas called "Night-fall" is Wordsworthian in feeling, but the touch is lighter. The first four verses are the best.

The green leaves answer to the night wind's sigh,  
And dew-drops winking on the meadows lie;  
The Sun's gone down  
O'er the drowsy town;  
And the brooks are singing to the listening moon.  
The soft wind whispers on its moody way,  
The plummy woodlands in the moonlight play;  
Night's tapers gleam  
In the gliding stream;  
Heaven's eyes are watching while the earth doth dream.  
The lovely light that dwells in woman's eyes,  
Softly curtained by the fringed lids lies;  
Sleep's Lethean hand  
Waves o'er the land,  
And the weary toiler to his shelter hies.  
Old nurse, whose lullaby can soothe them all,  
Oh, hap them kindly in thy downy pall!  
They've gone astray  
On life's rough way;  
But, rest them, rest them for another day.

The tuneful character of the following verse, with its refrain, is thoroughly characteristic of Mr. Waugh's work.

Now from dreary winter's dream awaking,  
Sweet Nature robes herself to meet the spring;  
Hark how the blithesome birds are making  
Among the trees their songs of welcoming!  
Oh, come across the fields, my love,  
And through the woods with me;  
As Nature moves towards the spring,  
So moves my heart to thee, my love,  
So moves my heart to thee!

It is however the songs written in dialect which display Mr. Waugh's originality, whether their subjects are humorous or tender, or both, as is often the case. To the ballads in dialect therefore we must turn. It would be impossible to cut any verses out of the lovely lyric called "The Sweetheart Gate," without spoiling it, and it must therefore be given entire.

There's mony a gate\* out of our town end,—  
But nobbut† one for me;  
It winds by a rindlin' wayter side,  
And o'er a posied lea;  
It wanders into a shady dell;  
An' when I've done for th' day,  
I never can saddle this heart o'mine,  
Beawt‡ walking down that way.

It's noather§ garden nor posied lea,  
Nor wayter rindlin' clear;  
But down i' th' vale there's a rosy nook,  
An' my true love lives theer.  
It's olez summer where th' heart's content,  
Though wintry winds may blow;  
An' there's never a gate so kind to the foot  
As th' gate one likes to go.

When I set off a sweetheartin' I've  
A thousan' things to say;  
But th' very first glent o' yon chimbley top,  
It drives 'em a' away;  
An' when I meet wi' mi bonny lass,  
It sets my heart a-je;e;  
There's summut i' th' leet o' yon two blue e'en,  
That plays the dule wi' me.

When th' layrock's|| finished his wark aboon¶,  
An' laid his music by,  
He flutters down to his mate and stops,  
Till dayleet stirs i' th' sky.  
Though Matty sends me away at dark,  
I know that hoo's\*\* reet full well;  
An' it's how I love a true-hearted lass,  
No mortal tongue can tell.

\* way      † only      ‡ without      § neither  
|| lark.      ¶ above.      \*\* she.



I wish that Michaelmas Day were past,  
When wakin' time comes on ;  
An' I wish that Candlemas Day were here,  
An' Matty an' me were one ;  
I wish this wanderin' wark were o'er,  
This maunderin' to an' fro ;  
That I could go whoam to my own true love,  
An' stop at neet an' aw'.

The poems already cited are enough to show the keynote of all Mr. Waugh's works ; they are essentially lyrics of the hearth. Simple domestic happiness, with its fleeting discords, are his most frequent theme ; and that this is the feature that has endeared him to his unlettered public is shown by the fact that the rough, unpolished lines, entitled, "Come whoam to thi Childer an' Me," are probably more popular than anything he has written. The scene is, presumably, a public-house ; the wife addresses her husband :—

"Aw've just mended th' fire wi' a cob ;  
Owd Saddle has brought thi new shoon ;  
There's some nice bacon-collops o' th' hob,  
An' a quart o' ale posset i' th' oon\* ;  
Aw've brought thi top coat, does ta know ?  
For th' rain's comin' down very dree † ;  
An' th' har'stone's as white as new snow ;—  
Come whoam to thi childer an' me."

After a further description of how the children have bewailed their father's absence, the husband breaks in :—

"God bless tho, my lass ; aw'll go whoam,  
An' aw'll kiss thee an' th' childer o' round ;  
Thae knows, that wheerever aw roam,  
Aw'm fain to get back to th' owd ground.  
Aw can do wi' a crack‡ o'er a glass ;  
Aw can do wi' a bit of a spree ;  
But aw've no gradely§ comfort, my lass,  
Except wi' yon childer an' thee."

A race whose home feeling is so strong will suffer much from home-sickness when occasion offers ; and it is, therefore, not surprising to find one of the most strongly emotional of Mr. Waugh's poems dealing with this subject. It must be noted here that to our poet Lancashire is never the abode of whirring machinery and smoking factories, of smoke and noise, bustle and worry. His Lancashire is rural Lancashire still, with steep hills and trickling rivulets, and wide moorland spaces. He has preserved, too, the simplicity and rollicking mirth and the love of mischief which underlie the character of the Lancashire man, now more widely known for his 'cuteness and hard-headedness than for such primitive qualities as are here portrayed in Mr. Waugh's poems :—

"I've worn my bits o' shoon away,  
Wi' rovin' up an' down,  
To see yon moorlan' valleys an'  
Yon little country town.  
The deuce tak shoon an' stockin's too,  
My heart feels hutchin' fain,||  
An' if I trudge it barfoot, lads,  
I'll see yon town again.  
It's what care I for cities grand,  
We never shall agree ;  
I'd rayther live wheer th' layrock sings,  
A country town for me ;  
A country town, wheer one can meet  
Wi' friends an' neighbours known ;  
Wheer one can lounge i' th' market-place,  
An' see th' meadows mown.  
Yon moorlan' hills are bloomin' wild,  
At th' endin' o' July ;  
Yon woodlan' cloofs, an' valleys green,  
The sweetest under sky ;  
Yon dainty rindles, dancin' down,  
Fro' th' mountains into th' plain ;  
As soon as th' new moon rises, lads,  
I'm off to th' moors again."

\* oven    † monotonously    ‡ joke    § real  
|| leaping with joy

A description of Lancashire lads is thrown in :—

"They're wick and warm at wark or fun  
Wherever they may go."

Let us hope that it still holds good. The last verse must be quoted in full :—

"Last neet I laft the city thrung,  
An' climbed yon hillock green,  
An' turned my face to th' moorlan' hills,  
Wi' th' wayter in my e'en ;  
Wi' th' wayter wellin' i' my e'en,  
I'll bundle up, an' go,  
An' live an' dee i' my own countrie,  
Where moorlan' breezes blow !"

It is easy to see how a writer who has such a ready hold on the sources of emotion is endeared to a people whose home-speech (and the speech they have *only* among themselves) he has chosen as a means of expression. A "Lancashire lad" can hardly read these lines without "th' wayter wellin' in his e'en."

Music, dancing, and country junketings come in for a share of Mr. Waugh's notice. The concluding stanza of a merry song called "Tim Rundle" may be quoted as a specimen :—

"Then, Matty, fill it up again  
An' dunnot look so deawldy\* ;  
There's naught can lick a marlock† when  
One's brains are getting mouldy.  
We're young an' hearty, dunnot croak,  
Let's frisk it now or never ;  
So here's good luck to country folk  
An' country fun, for ever !"

There are some pretty comical touches in the verses describing country love-making. In one a girl exclaims to her friend :—

"The dule's i' this bonnet o' mine ;  
My ribbins 'll never be reet ;  
Here Matty, aw'm like‡ to be fine,  
For Jamie 'll be comin' to-neet."

Jamie had come a-courting, of course :—

"When he took my two honds into his,  
Good Lord, how they trembled between ;  
An' aw durstn't look up in his face,  
Becose on him seein' my e'en."

But Jamie must not be encouraged too much at first, so the final answer is delayed, and now the trysting-time has come :—

"Eh, dear, but it's time to be gone !  
Aw shouldn't like Jamie to wait,—  
Aw cannot for shame be too soon,  
An' aw wouldn't for th' waird be too late ;  
Aw'm a' of a tremble to th' heel,—  
Dost think 'at mi bonnet 'll do ?  
'Be off, lass, tha looks very weel ;—  
He wants noan o' th' bonnet—thae foo' !"

And here are some fine trenchant lines about music, with which this part of the subject may appropriately be closed :—

An' thee too, owd musicianer,  
Aw wish lung life to thee,—  
A mon that plays the fiddle weel  
Should never oss§ to dee.

(To be continued.)

## Reviews.

### THE LEEDS NOVELTIES.

In addition to Dvorak's *Ludmila*, noticed last week, Messrs. Novello have sent us advance copies of the pianoforte scores of Mr. Stanford's *The Revenge*, Mr. Mackenzie's *Story of Sayid*, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Golden Legend*. Again we propose to give a short sketch of the three English novelties, refraining on principle from all

\* glum    † frolic    ‡ bound  
§ try (think about dying.)

criticism in the proper sense of the word. Mr. Stanford has chosen a noble subject, embodied in noble words by Tennyson. The Laureate's poem, "The Revenge," is known to every reader, who will remember that Sir Richard Grenville, with a single ship of the line, fought fifty-three Spanish galleons for a day and a night, till at last, when the hero was wounded, his crew surrendered to overpowering numbers. Carried on board the Spanish flagship and praised for his bravery,

"He rose upon their decks, and he cried:  
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true,  
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do;  
With a joyful spirit I, Sir Richard Grenville, die.'  
And he fell upon their decks, and he died."

Mr. Stanford, it will be seen, has selected a soul-stirring subject, and one which the manufacturer of the ordinary patriotic ballad would not have allowed to escape, were he endowed with a little more sense than he usually is. Needless to add, that Mr. Stanford's treatment of his theme differs wholly and entirely from the conventional mode. In the first instance, it is not for a solo, but for a chorus; the single voice being avoided altogether. It would, perhaps, have been even more consistent with the subject to discard female voices as well; but here the composer's appreciation of sound has got the better of his dramatic instinct, and soprano and contralto are allowed to take part in the relation of the naval feat. The general scheme is this: that one set of voices, generally the basses or the tenors, carry on the narrative, the full chorus being employed in enforcing particularly striking incidents or situations. The choral ballad, much affected by the German masters, is comparatively little cultivated in England; and were it only for that reason, Mr. Stanford's *The Revenge* must be welcome as an important specimen of a form of art capable of much further development.

Sir Arthur Sullivan has selected his subject with due consideration of his peculiar idiosyncrasies as a composer. There is very little that can be strictly called dramatic in *The Golden Legend*, but there is much opportunity for lyrical expansion, and what for want of a better name one may call landscape-painting. Probably the composer and the adapter of the libretto, Mr. Joseph Bennett, were not aware that Longfellow's "Golden Legend" is itself an "adaptation," and a rather namby-pamby one, of a beautiful mediæval poem six-hundred years old, and as fresh and beautiful to-day as when it was written. In that poem, by Hartmann von der Aue, the features of the story are set forth with inimitable skill. It is free, on the other hand, from the absurdity of a kind of feeble reflex of Mephistopheles, a devil who, apart from tempting the prince with a spirit called Alcohol, does his work in a very slipshod and perfunctory manner. The motive of the story is briefly this, that a German prince is stricken with leprosy and journeys to the famous health-resort of Salerno to be cured of his fell disease. All the cures of the doctors, however, fail to give him that health which the blood of a maiden shed voluntarily for his sake, alone can restore. That self-sacrificing maiden is found in the person of Elsie, the daughter of one of Prince Henry's retainers. How Elsie baffles the wiles of Lucifer, and how the prince, restored by a miracle, makes her his bride, is set forth in the legend. Without entering into criticism, we are prepared to commit ourselves to the opinion that *The Golden Legend* is by far the most successful specimen of serious music which has of late come from the composer's pen. It is unpretentious in style, and although not aiming very high, fully realizes what it aims at. The vocal music more especially is highly effective, and the soprano solo which closes the third scene, attains to something very nearly approaching genuine dramatic pathos. There is also an unaccompanied Evening Hymn, the success of which may be safely predicted. Sir Arthur Sullivan is amongst the few modern composers who have a sense of musical humour, and his devil is a distinctly humorous creation. Appearing in the disguise of a learned physician, he affects the forms of musical learning, and strict counterpoint accompanies him wherever he goes. A contrapuntal devil is a novelty indeed.

The motive of Mr. Mackenzie's *The Story of Sayid* resembles *The Golden Legend* in the two respects, that the libretto is adapted by Mr. Bennett from a modern adaptation of a very old story, and that the leading feature of that story is self-sacrifice. Those acquainted with the ancient story of Damon and Pythias, and with Schiller's ballad, *Die Bürgschaft*, also know the main features of Mr.

Bennett's libretto, which is more immediately based upon an Eastern version of the same story to be found in Mr. Edwin Arnold's *The Light of Asia*. A prisoner condemned to death is allowed his freedom for a few days on condition that he can find a hostage willing to take his place in case he should break his troth, and not return in due season to face his doom. In all the previous versions this hostage is a friend; in Mr. Bennett's, it is a maiden, and moreover the daughter of the Indian king who thirsts for the blood of the captive Sayid. She has fallen in love all of a sudden with the handsome prisoner, and is willing to sacrifice her life for his sake. It is obvious that the probability and poetic beauty of the story is considerably impaired by this arrangement, which, on the other hand, supplies that important musical desideratum, a leading soprano. Of Mr. Mackenzie's music it is almost impossible to judge from the pianoforte score. There are ample choral developments which must be heard to be appreciated, and the instrumentation of this composer is always elaborate and full of subtle effects. Mr. Mackenzie's style has been described as a compromise between the classical and the new; in the present cantata, the former seems to prevail over the latter, for it is divided into separate numbers, and contains more than one well-defined air of the orthodox pattern. Mr. Mackenzie, like most modern composers, dispenses with an overture, and after a very few bars of introduction leads us *in medias res*. To make up for this, there are, however, two orchestral interludes, both in march form. Of the means employed by the composer to give dramatic life as well as local colour to his subject, it will be time to speak when the work has been tested by actual performance at Leeds.

#### PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.

The name of André Messager, the composer of *La Béarnaise* produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Monday night, is well known in France, and a ballet of his composition, *Les deux Pigeons*, is even now being studied at the Grand Opera, in Paris. Before he took to operetta, and ballet, M. Messager won some credit as a writer of chamber music in the classical style, but the brilliant career of a composer of light dramatic music was open before him, and small blame can be given to him for following it. When the score of an opera-bouffe is carefully worked out, and when it is, moreover, interspersed with songs that can charm the ear of a musician, a step is gained towards genuine comic opera; though the ideal comic music, that shall be grotesque without being vulgar, and pleasing, too, without being sentimental, is not yet reached. In this connection it will be easy to touch upon the libretto of *La Béarnaise*. Mr. Alfred Murray must be congratulated on having got rid of a great deal of unpleasant suggestiveness, and of having retained a great deal of fun, in his adaptation from the French of MM. Leterrier and Vanloo. *La Béarnaise* in its original form was too strong even for French taste, when it was produced at the Bouffes. The story, though not strikingly original, gives rise to several "situations" which afford pleasant surprises, and to many points which are made the most of by the adapter. The hero, Captain Perpignac, the irrepressible lady-killer, is banished from France; he takes up his abode with the Court of the Duke of Parma, but is liable to ten years' imprisonment if caught making love to any woman. The duke has strict notions of propriety, and under his fatherly government a law is in force that all flirting couples shall be married on the spot. Much humour is drawn from these two sources. A detective is on the watch over the gay captain, who constantly eludes his vigilance; the orders issued to flirting offenders nearly make a victim of Jacquette (*La Béarnaise*), who has donned male disguise in order to follow her lover, the captain, in his exile to Italy, and who finds it convenient to abandon it for female attire as soon as she is found guilty of paying too great attention to a lady of the Court. Some amusing complications arise from these daring changes of character by the heroine, who is at last united to her Perpignac. Miss Florence St. John enters into this part with all the humour and vivacity it demands; she is quite at home in it. Her songs are pretty, and are likely to become popular; the lullaby was especially well received on Monday night. Miss Marie Tempest sang and acted very well, and one of her songs was three times redemanded. The part of Captain Perpignac



was capitally played and sung by Mr. Snazelle, formerly of the Carl Rosa troupe; Mr. Dallas and Mr. Lonnen made a most comic pair of characters, as the chamberlain of the Court and the police agent respectively. The subordinate parts are filled in a completely satisfactory manner, and the piece is mounted with great care and taste.

### PIANOS IN JAPAN.

A Correspondent writes to the Leipsic *Zeitschrift für Instrumentenbau*:

Since taking up my residence in Yokohama, I have repeatedly heard the German pianoforte makers, who had consigned their instruments to merchants in this town for importation, complain of the very indifferent and far from satisfactory state of affairs when the account came to be settled up. The reason why the transaction was often very unsatisfactory can be little known in Europe, and I take it to be my duty to enlighten my countrymen on the point.

As I generally received instructions to tune the instruments on their arrival, or when they had been badly packed—which more frequently happened with English than with German pianos—to do small repairs, I have had a very favourable opportunity for obtaining a good insight into the merits of the case.

The consigned piano often stands for six months, or even in some cases over twelve months, in the dealer's sitting room, where it is, as a matter of course, considerably punished during that time by the lady of the house, or some one else, until another new instrument has arrived in the shop. Thereupon the first one, of which they have already had enough, is sent to the auction room, greatly depreciated, and very often the instrument is sold for much less than its value. If, under these circumstances, the makers do not recover their cost of production it is not a matter of surprise.

There are also some cases in which the dealer unpacks the instrument sent to him and allows it to stand in his shop by open doors and windows. Unprotected from the severe dampness and heat, and exposed to draughts as well as to an extraordinary amount of dust and dirt, besides being tried and mauled about by different workmen, such pianos lose all their attractive appearance in the first few months. The polish gets scratched off, the metal tarnished, the strings rusted, and the key-board looks as if the instrument had been ten years in use; in short, the piano is ultimately in such a condition that it will not fetch the maker's cost price at the auction room, to say nothing of any profit, except for the dealer, who, it goes without saying, does not fail to deduct his expenses and commission.

It has sometimes happened that I have been asked to sell consigned instruments, and this I have done for the usual commission. There were some instruments among these consigned which had a good tone, but were not suited for a damp climate like that of Japan. Sometimes I was permitted to make necessary improvements, so far as that was practicable in a finished piano, and sometimes when this was not done the purchaser attributed the faults to the firm whose name appeared on the name-plate; and by this means the reputation of an otherwise good firm may be seriously injured among purchasers. Pianoforte buyers, up to the present time, are only the higher classes of society in Japan, who follow the march of civilization, and this must of necessity be a very limited circle.

### Music Publishers' Weekly List.

#### SONGS.

Aubade Francaise ... ..	M. de Nevers ...	Ascherberg
Go, lovely Rose ... ..	M. Stydolf ...	Cocks
Heart Afloat, The ... ..	M. de Nevers ...	Ascherberg
I'll send thee, love, an offering ... ..	Henry Klein ...	Klein
It is not home without thee ... ..	" ...	"
My soul has been sleeping ... ..	" Smith ...	Ascherberg
Pride of the troop, The ... ..	Ivan Caryll ...	"
When man, expelled from Eden's bowers ... ..	M. Stydolf ...	Cocks
Winged Chorister, The ... ..	Ciro Pinsuti ...	Ascherberg

#### PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Gavotte des Oiseaux ... ..	G. Bachmann ...	Ascherberg
Laendler ... ..	Franz Leideritz ...	Klein
Mazurka Élégante ... ..	G. Bachmann ...	Ascherberg
Message, The ... ..	Michael Watson ...	"
Vernal Flowers Gavotte ... ..	Franz Leideritz ...	Klein

#### DANCE MUSIC.

Lieb Gretchen ... ..	Henry Klein ...	Klein
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### CONCERTED MUSIC. (INSTRUMENTAL.)

"Submission," Cornet, with Organ and Orchestra ... ..	Henry Klein ...	Klein
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### VOCAL DUETS.

Let us wander by the sea ... ..	Henry Smart ...	Ascherberg
Merry Summer Time, The ... ..	" ...	"

### CANTATAS, &c.

Golden Legend, The ... ..	A. Sullivan ...	Novello
Revenge, The ... ..	C. V. Stanford ...	"
Story o' Sayid, The ... ..	A. C. Mackenzie ...	"
Saint Ludmilla ... ..	A. Dvorak ...	"

### PROSPECTIVE ARRANGEMENTS FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SATURDAY, Oct. 9.—10 a.m.: Service, Calkin; Anthem, "Arise and help us," No. 434 (Ps. xlv. 26), Marcello. 3 p.m.: Service, Calkin; Anthem, "I was glad," No. 285 (Ps. cxxii. 1), Attwood.

SUNDAY, Oct. 10 (*Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity*).—10 a.m.: Service (Cobb), in G, throughout; Hymn, after 3rd Collect, 213. 3 p.m.: Service (Stainer), in B flat; Anthem, "How lovely are Thy habitations," No. 444 (Ps. lxxiv.), Salaman; Hymn, after 3rd Collect, 321.

### Notes and News.

#### LONDON.

M. Audran's new opera *Indiana*, to be produced at the Avenue Theatre on Monday next, promises to be a more than usually successful specimen of its type. Amongst other things it has in its favour an interesting plot, well laid out for musical purposes.

Mr. N. Vert, the musical agent, has changed his address. His new offices are at 6, Cork Street, New Bond Street.

Mr. Hueffer asks us to state that he has changed his address from 72, Elsham Road, Kensington, to 90, Brook Green, West Kensington Park, W.

Mr. Frederic H. Cowen's Suite, "The Language of Flowers," has been given with great success by M. Colonne's Paris Orchestra, at Aix-les-Bains.

In an article by the famous French scholar, M. J. B. Weckerlin, our esteemed contributor, Mr. Barclay Squire, is referred to as "M. Buclay, squire du British Museum."

The orchestral rehearsals for the Leeds Festival took place at St. James's Hall on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the works being thus distributed among the three days: Monday, Stanford's *The Revenge*; Tuesday, Dvorak's *Ludmila*; Wednesday, Mackenzie's *Story of Sayid*, and Sullivan's *The Golden Legend*.

The Kensington Orchestral and Choral Society, entering upon their seventh season of activity, invite the co-operation of active and honorary members, and announce two public concerts, the first on December 17, when Mendelssohn's *Loreley* will be performed, among other works; and the second on March 25, consisting of Gade's *Zion* and Mendelssohn's *95th Psalm*. Mr. William Buels is the conductor.

The first of the autumn series of the Richter Concerts will be held on the 23rd inst. The programme is: Wagner's *Kaisermarch*, *Faust Overture*, Vorspiel to *Parsifal*, and Walkürenritt; Liszt's Symphonic Poem, "Les Préludes," and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony. The chief attraction of the second concert, on October 30, will be the Chorfesttags-zauber, from *Parsifal*; the concert will open with Beethoven's *Coriolanus Overture*, and close with Schumann's Symphony in B flat (No. 1). Berlioz's arrangement for orchestra of Weber's *Invitation à la Valse* and Liszt's Fourth Hungarian Rhapsody are the other band pieces, and Mrs. Hutchinson will sing twice. The third concert, on November 9, brings the series to a close with Beethoven's Choral Symphony (solo quartet, Miss Hamlin, Miss Lena Little, Mr. Bernard Lane, and Mr. Fischer). The first part of the programme consists of the *Tannhäuser Overture*, a selection from *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, and Brahms's Rhapsody, for alto solo (Miss Lena Little) and male chorus.

Messrs. Novello & Co. issue the prospectus of their forthcoming six oratorio concerts. Dvorak's *St. Ludmila* will be performed at the first concert, on October 29, the composer conducting, and the solos by Madame Albani, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. At the second concert, on November 23, Sullivan's *Golden Legend* and Gounod's *Messe Solennelle de Pâques* will be given, the

latter for the first time in London. Sir Arthur Sullivan will preside over his own music, Gounod's Mass will be conducted by Mr. Mackenzie, and the solos will be taken by Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. F. King. Three choral works will be given on December 14 (third concert): Mackenzie's *Story of Sayid*, Villiers Stanford's *The Revenge*, and Liszt's 13th Psalm. Soloists, Madame Albani, Mr. Barton McGuckin, and Mr. Watkin Mills. Mr. Stanford will conduct his own work. Spohr's *Calvary* will be performed for the first time in London since 1852, at the fourth concert, on February 1. At the fifth concert, March 1, Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty* (conducted by the composer), and Beethoven's Choral Symphony. At the sixth concert, March 30, Gounod's *Mors et Vita*. These are all evening concerts. Mr. Carrodus will lead the orchestra, Mr. Oliver King will be the organist, and Mr. Mackenzie the conductor.

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society announce ten concerts, and promise to close their season with a grand festival performance to celebrate the Jubilee of the Queen's accession. The first concert takes place on November 3, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* will be given; on November 15, Hiller's *Song of Victory* and Sullivan's *Golden Legend* (for the first time in London); on December 15, Gounod's *Redemption*; January 19, Dvorak's *St. Ludmila*; February 9, Haydn's *Creation*; March 19, Rossini's *Messe Solennelle*; April 30, Berlioz's *Faust*. The *Messiah* will be performed on New Year's Day, Ash Wednesday, and Good Friday. Two Saturday afternoon concerts will be given during the season. The list of solo vocalists comprises the names of most of the best-known interpreters of the music of oratorio and cantata.

### PROVINCIAL

BIRMINGHAM, October 4, 1886.—The crowded houses which the three Birmingham theatres could boast of last week, are by no means a sign of the bad times. In addition to this the local exhibition seems to draw more people than ever. At the Grand Theatre, the first performance of the new comic opera, *La Béarnaise*, by André Messager (at least new to the English stage), has proved a *bona fide* success, and the metropolis will have an opportunity of judging what Birmingham considers one of the most pleasing and the best mounted comic operas of recent date. The Carl Rosa Opera Company has proved to be as usual a most powerful magnet, and the Theatre Royal was nightly crowded to overflowing. At the Prince of Wales's Mr. Toole drew large houses—Herr Ludwig Straus, assisted at the piano by Dr. Rowland Winn, gave a successful violin recital at the Midland Institute on Saturday afternoon, Madame Valleria being the vocalist. The Festival Choral Society have this year a very poor ballot for their subscription concerts, notwithstanding their programme being by no means inferior to its predecessors. On Thursday next they open their series with Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Light of the World*, produced for the first time at the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1873.—We regret to have to announce the death of our much esteemed townsman, Mr. James Stimpson. His familiar face will be missed at the Town Hall organ by all lovers of music. Mr. Stimpson occupied the onerous position of organist for a period extending over forty-four years. Many famous musicians of by-gone days, and of our times, owe their elementary musical training to Mr. Stimpson. Since the first performance of *Elijah* at the Town Hall Mr. Stimpson has been the organist at every musical festival. He was much beloved by his numerous pupils, and our late townsman will live in the memory of generations to come. The Birmingham and Midland Musical Guild, when first formed, elected him unanimously for their president, a position which he held until his death.

BRIGHTON.—The *Brighton Guardian* recently announced the formation of a "Society of Musicians," in Brighton. Mr. Robert Taylor has been successfully engaged for some time past in starting this institution, one of the objects of which is to hold an annual *réunion*, and to establish a fund for the assistance of needy members, or to pay for a room in which a benefit concert could be given. The committee consists of Dr. F. J. Sawyer, Mr. W. Kuhe, Mr. A. King, Mus. Bac., Mr. G. Cole, and Mr. W. Devin. They have already held a meeting at the Town Hall and agreed to a code of rules.—A complimentary concert had been arranged, in honour of Mr. Robert Taylor, to take place last Thursday at the Dome. The first part of the programme was miscellaneous, the second part was to be filled by Barnett's cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, Mr. Taylor conducting. Many past and present pupils of Mr. Taylor offered their assistance in the chorus, besides the Misses Kate Norman, Maud Bond, and Grace Darlington, and Messrs. F. W. J. Ford, G. Clements, F. J. Wilmhurst, M. Barling, C. H. Buckman, and G. P. Cooper, and the Sacred Harmonic Society.

LIVERPOOL, October 5.—The Lago concert at the Philharmonic Hall on Saturday evening last was anything but a conspicuous success, from a financial point of view; while from an artistic standpoint, although satisfactory in so far as the introduction of Miss Ella Russell was concerned, was less so with regard to other executants whose performances were of the type associated with the latter days of Italian opera at Her

Majesty's. Signori Ughetti and Ramisi were the conspicuous offenders upon this occasion, both gentlemen presenting some of the worst faults of the school—if their system of training may be dignified by such a title. Miss Russell was received with considerable favour, this being justified by the excellent tone of her voice, although her method can scarcely be adjudged of the purest; still, in these days it is something to have obtained half a loaf. The pianoforte accompaniments of Signor Ducci and the clarinet solos of Signor Gomez were other admirable features in a programme the arrangement of which was not based upon any recognized system.—The "unco guid" will in all probability raise their voices in loud anathema and lamentation at the announcement of the forthcoming series of lectures under the auspices of the Liverpool branch of the Sunday Society, but what form of argument they will be able to evolve out of the appearance of Sir George Macfarren, who opens the series, it is hard to imagine. The learned professor responded with the utmost generosity and fine spirit to the invitation that he should come over and help us, and the choice of the *Messiah* for the subject of the lecture could not have been bettered. There is no doubt that Sir George will deliver an address of more than ordinary value, and its interest will doubtless be enhanced by the pianoforte accompaniments of Dr. Crome and the vocal illustrations which are to be provided. At one of the later Sunday afternoon meetings, Mr. W. I. Argent will also lecture upon a musical subject.—The production of *La Dame Blanche*, by Mr. Turner and his company, at the Court Theatre, attracted a very large audience, which was not slow in expressing its appreciation of the graceful construction and the melodic charm of Boieldieu's work, but the representation, which was not above reproach, does not present such valuable features as would justify an *entrepreneur* whose financial ability ran side by side with his artistic training, in making it a prominent feature in his repertory.—The musical arrangements at the Exhibition still pursue their erratic course; the latest stroke of genius being the performance of national airs to the accompaniment of the rockets and red-fire, while a quintet of trumpeters, situated 150 feet high, on the lighthouse, have played an echo to the British National Anthem. The consensus of opinion is that the quintet would have been more advantageously placed considerably higher up. This week's programme contains a perfectly legitimate feature in the frequent performance of the British Army Quadrilles by the Riviere orchestra, aided by the pipers of the Scots Greys and other extraneous help.—Messrs. Cramer announce a pianoforte recital by Mr. Lamond, of Glasgow, for the 16th inst.; and upon a date approximating thereto will come the Patti concert, for which Mr. E. De Jong and Mr. Rosa are the sponsors.

### FOREIGN.

PARIS, Oct 3.—The revival of *Hamlet* at the Comédie Française has been the event of most importance in the artistic world. The daily papers will have given full reports to English readers of the success of the enterprise, and the admirable acting of M. Mounet-Sully and the rest of the company, who did full justice to the translation or adaptation by Dumas and Paul Meurice. Something remains to be said, perhaps, of the musical numbers, lately written by M. Ambrose Thomas. There had not been much scope here for the composer's genius, for but little music had been required, and that little had suffered somewhat, in the case of Ophelia's song, by its necessary subordination to the action of the scene; hence the fantastic and pretty melody lost its swing and form. The gravedigger's song was delivered in mock-ghastly tones by M. Coquelin the younger, and excited much amusement.—M. Messager's score of *Les deux Pigeons*, in preparation at the Opéra, is said to contain many good things. After that work and *Patrie* are more advanced, the two-act opera, *Zaire*, adapted from Voltaire's tragedy by M. Besson, the music composed by M. Veronge de la Nux, will occupy the attention of the company.—It is likely that the Roumanian singer, Madlle. De Viadaia will make her first appearance at the Opéra Comique as the heroine of M. Chabrier's *Le roi malgré lui*, which may be produced before the end of February.—The tenor Van Dyck will be entrusted with the title-rôle in *Lohengrin* at the Eden, and the *Ménestrel* predicts that Madame Fidès Devriès will be the Elsa.—The writer in the Progrès Artistique who, some weeks ago, announced the creation of a new order for the decoration of musicians, veiled his sarcasm so effectually as to deceive most of the Parisian newspapers, to say nothing of foreign journals. A storm of indignation has arisen from a portion of the press at the news of a new honour being added to the already too much honoured and indulged class of musical artists!—The Lamoureux concerts will reopen on November 7.—The Concerts Populaires are about to be revived. M. Padeloup, writing to the *Figaro*, announces that he has engaged the winter circus for that purpose, on the last Sunday of every month, from October to May, asks the lovers of music to subscribe ten francs a year to assure the success of his enterprise. The subscribers will be honorary members, with the right of attending the rehearsal on the morning before each concert.—M. Edouard Colonne, the conductor of the Châtelet concerts, was married last week to Madlle. Vergin.—M. Ernest Reyer will make a speech at the inauguration of the statue of Berlioz, by the permission of



the committee, who granted M. Ambroise Thomas's request to be allowed to cede his right of speaking to M. Rey, the intimate friend and great admirer of the composer.

BRUSSELS, October 2.—M. Léo Delibes, accompanied by the Paris publisher, M. Heugel, arrived last week in Brussels to conclude the arrangements for the production, at La Monnaie, of *Lakmé*. The chief parts will be entrusted to Mlle. Vuillaume and MM. Engel and Renaud. The new tenor, M. Cossira, may soon be the hero of a lawsuit, as he is likely to accept an engagement at this theatre, regardless of the expostulations of the manager at Bordeaux, who threatens to bring an action against him for breach of contract.

The International Agency for Music, Literature, and the Arts, at Vevey, has organized for next winter a series of concerts, at which unpublished works by Swiss and foreign composers will be performed, and in which virtuosi who wish to be heard in their own works may participate.

The cantata *Conscience*, by Peter Benoit, has been heard for the second time at Antwerp, with the most brilliant results. At the same concert (Palais de l'Industrie), the young violinist, Mariën, of Antwerp, distinguished himself in the Concerto for violin and Orchestra by Svendsen.

During Herr Niemann's absence from Berlin, his place will be taken at the Court Opera by Herr Gassi, from Budapest.

Fräulein Lehmann is a victim to the stringent regulations enforced by a convention of the principal German theatres. This favourite singer made the mistake of remaining longer in America than she was authorised to do by the terms of her engagement with the Berlin opera house. On her return she unhesitatingly paid the imposed fine of £650, at the same time handing in her resignation, which was accepted by the Emperor. Fräulein Lehmann thereupon sought another engagement, and on applying to a Viennese manager, who had on some former occasion opened negotiations with her, she was informed that no arrangement could now be contemplated, since an artist who has broken her contract with one theatre belonging to the above-mentioned association cannot be engaged by any other.

The Berlin Philharmonic Society's concerts, under Professor Klindworth, begin on October 29. The programmes are: First concert, Berlioz's Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*, Beethoven's C minor Symphony, a new Suite by Moszkowski, Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto, and another, Liszt's *Totentanz*, played by Mr. Eugen d'Albert. Second concert, November 26th, Wagner's Prelude to *Lohengrin*, Glinka's *Une nuit à Madrid*, Raff's Vaterland Symphony, Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor (pianoforte, Mr. Fr. Planté). Third concert, January 21, Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* (Soloists, Fräulein Mailhac, Herren van Dyck, Blauwaert, &c.). Fourth concert, January 31, Weber's Overture to *Der Freischütz*, Huber's new Suite, *Sommernächte*, Brahms's D major Symphony, and Wieniawski's Violin Concerto (violin, Fräulein Marie Soldat). Fifth concert, February 28, Beethoven's Overture, Op. 124, Bruckner's new E major Symphony (No. 7), Meyerbeer's Overture to *Struensee*, and some vocal music, sung by Fräulein Hermine Braga. Sixth concert, March 16, C. Fuchs's new Symphony in C, Mendelssohn's music to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Vieuxtemps's Violin Concerto (violin, Herr St. Barcewicz), Cornelius's *Brautlieder*, sung by Fräulein Reuss-Belce.

The *Musikalisches Wochenblatt* has lately been giving some details of the management of the Royal Court Opera-house and Theatre of Berlin. These establishments cost the state an annual sum of £130,000. To this is added a personal grant from the Emperor of £22,500 yearly, not including the deficit which is entailed by the opera and ballet expenses, and seldom comes to less than £15,000, and is always defrayed by the Emperor. The play-house, on the other hand, yields a considerable profit. Certain royal princes are obliged to rent boxes, however useless they may be to them, as in the case of Prince Albrecht, who does not even reside in Berlin. Every special performance which is commanded by His Imperial Majesty on state occasions, is paid for by the Emperor taking all the seats. The opera-house holds 1642 persons. On "Lucca" nights the prices are slightly raised; for some other Italian-singing stars (Mierswinski and Sembrich are specified), the house may contain £400; when Patti sings, the extra prices yield even more, but these are rare occasions. The *General-Intendant* has a salary of £800, with a house; the manager of the opera £500; the first conductor receives a little more, and the second less than £300; the members of the band from £116; the leader £225; the principal chorus singers have from £45 to £90. All the above artists and managers are guaranteed a retiring pension. Such of the singers as have signed contracts for life or for long periods, and are entitled to a pension, receive a comparatively smaller salary than those who are only bound by short engagements, still the remuneration of the most important singers is generous. Niemann has been pensioned some years since, but he has nevertheless contracted a new engagement binding him to sing eight times a month during six months, for £38 a night, which comes to about £1800

Betz, the first baritone, has a life contract; he receives £450 for eight months, besides £15 for each performance. Lieban, the tenor-buffo, makes £900 in ten months; and another tenor £1000. The prima-donna, Frau Sachse-Hofmeister, for sixty performances during nine months, receives £1650. Frau von Voggenhuber, the dramatic singer, with her life contract and pension, sings seventy times in seven months, and makes an income of £900; Fräulein Beeth, £1000; Fräulein Renard, £700; Fräulein Pattini, £800; the first alto, on the other hand, only receives £400—at any rate, more than the conductor. As regards the pensions, Frau Mallinger receives £250 after twelve years, and Fricke, the bass, £400 after thirty years' service.

The Liszt Society, of Leipzig, will give five chamber-music concerts, the first of which was to be held on October 2. The following artists will co-operate: Fräuleins Marianne Brandt, Flament, and Grosscurth, Frauen Metzler-Löwy, Rappoldi-Kahrer, and Steinbach-Jahns, Herren Ansoerge, Brodsky, Dayas, Friedheim, Gudehus, Scheidemantel, etc. The pianist, Herr Alexander Siloti, will give, at the Gewandhaus, an orchestral concert with a programme of Russian music.

Edmund Kretschmer has just completed an opera, *Schön Rohtraut*, to a libretto by Johanna Baltz.

Lortzing's opera, *Regina*, is to be produced in Augsburg under Herr Bruch's direction.

Wagner's *Nibelungen-Cyclus* has been performed for the third time in Dresden, and for the second time in Munich, with no falling off in results, and without the assistance of "outsiders."

An uncomfortable rumour comes from Spain, that the Minister of Finance has decided to tax singers, or rather their fees. If this should be effected, *impresari* will have reason to dread a rise in the hitherto modest demands of *prime donne*.

Some new Italian operas: Remondi's *Lamberto Malatesta*, to be produced at the Carignan, Turin, early this winter; Mugnone's *Diana d'Alteno* is completed, and so is Signor Alfredo Donizetti's *Canto del Mare*. Minello's operetta, *Le due Fate* has been given at Mori. An opera-bouffe company at the Fondo, Naples, purpose producing several unpublished operettas: D'Arienzo's *La Fiera*, Valente's *Il Sindaco Sposo*, Scarano's *Trappole d'amore*, and Galazzo's *Il testamento dello zio Saverio*. Delfico, a Neapolitan caricaturist, has written the words and music of a comic opera called *I Conscritti*.

The Russian opera at St. Petersburg opened the season with Glinka's *Russian and Ludmila*. Rubinstein has undertaken the conductorship of the Royal Musical Society, in the place of Von Bülow.

The *Ménestrel* has been able to make public some good news about the health of Mlle. Van Zandt, who, our readers will remember has been a martyr to paralysis. She has written lately to a friend in Paris, "just a line to say how much better I am. I am learning to walk. It is yet very difficult, but, according to the doctors, I shall be quite restored before long. My voice has never been in such good condition. . . . If you knew how much I have suffered, and how I thought all was at an end!"

The American Opera Company will open its season at Philadelphia on November 15. The first operas to be given will be *Faust*, *Aida*, and *The Huguenots*. Mr. Bouhy procured the score of *Faust*, and the plan of the stage arrangements from the Paris Grand Opera, and the famous Bacchanale of the fourth act will be given in its entirety for the first time in America. The Company will go to Cincinnati, St. Louis, Chicago, and Boston, after Philadelphia, and will perform in March at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Madame Fursch-Madi will be the prima donna.

The German Opera Company have fixed November 8 for the opening night of a season of fifteen weeks. *Tannhäuser*, with Niemann, will probably be the first performance, to be followed by *Rienzi*, *Queen of Sheba*, *Faust*, *Aida*, and *Merlin*.

Mr. Van der Stucken has returned to America, having made excellent arrangements for his Symphony Concerts at Chickering Hall. Among the works he has been able to secure for performance are Berlioz's *Les Troyens à Carthage* (the first part has been performed here by Thomas), Peter Benoit's *Children's Oratorio*, the first act of Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, and some works by Nicode, Blackx, and Gouvy; American composers will be represented by Macdowell, Edgar Kelly, Foote, Broeckhoven, and others.

The first public rehearsal of the New York Philharmonic Society is fixed for November 12.

The *American Art Journal* gives an account of the monster brass-band concert, duly held in St. Louis on September 22nd. The bands began to arrive at the Fair Grounds about noon. At two o'clock Colonel Gilmore called them to order, dividing them according to instruments, thus the first cornets made one squad, the second cornets another, and so on. They were marched towards the race course and filed into the grand stand. "Directly in front of Mr. Gilmore's stand sat the 150 brass tubas,

There were fully 40,000 people standing in the field. Of the different instruments taking part in the concert there were, first or second B-flat clarionets, 250; flutes and piccolos, 75; E-flat clarionets, 100; bassoons, saxophones, bass clarionets, etc., 50; French horns, 367; solo alto horns, 70; first, second and third alto horns, 150; solo B-flat cornets, 60; first B-flat cornets, 60; second B-flat cornets, 60; E-flat cornets, 60; trombones, 50; first tenor horns, 60; second tenor horns, 60; clarionets, 60; euphoniums, 40; bass tubas, 150; bass drums, 60; cymbals, 60; snare drums, 200. The programme gave great pleasure to the audience. "It was a glorious day for Gilmore."

New York city pays 18,500 dollars for free out-door concerts in the various parks this season, and the tax-payers consider that no part of the public funds are more wisely spent.

DEATHS.—At Berlin, Professor H. Ries, conductor of the royal orchestra, and a celebrated violinist, in his 85th year. Ries had been a pupil of Spohr and Hauptmann.—At Hamburg, Julius Melchert, composer, and conductor of male choruses, aged 76.—At Berlin, Professor Hugo Schwantzer, organist, and formerly director of the Berlin Conservatoire, which bears his name, at the age of 57.—At Châtelet, Fernand Sottiaux, organist.—At Paris, M. Charles Diache, composer and conductor, formerly at the winter and summer circus, and the Chateau d'Eau, under Cogniard, aged 52.—At Port Louis (Mauritius) the operatic baritone, M. Rouvière, after three days' illness.—At Berlin, Baron von Hülsen, for more than a quarter of a century general manager of the Court Opera and Theatre. An old military man, he brought into the ordering of theatrical affairs and into the management of artistic individualities—which are sometimes found so unmanageable—the discipline we usually associate with the army, and the results justified his method.

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